

AN

~~Sam 28~~

81

4

EPISTLE

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

JOHN *Lord* CARTERET

Lord LIEUTENANT of

IRELAND.

To which is added, an EPISTLE,
upon an EPISTLE; being

A *Christmas*-BOX

FOR

Doctor D---ny.

Dublin: Printed, in the Year 1730.

E P I S T L E

To His EXCELLENCY

John Lord Carteret, &c.

*Credis ob hoc, me, Pastor, opes for tasse rogare,
Propter quod, vulgus, crassa; turba rogat :*

Mart. Epig. lib. 9

THOU wise and learned Ruler of our Ile,
Whose Guardian Care can all her Grievs beguile;
When next your generous Soul shall condescend,
T' Instruct, or entertain your humble Friend,
Whether retiring from your weighty Charge,
On some high Theme you learnedly enlarge;
Of all the Ways of Wisdom reason well,
How *Richieu* rose, and how *Sejanus* fell:
Or when your Brow less thoughtfully unbends,
Circled with *Swift*, and some delighted Friends;
When mixing Mirth and Wisdom with your Wine,
Like that your Wit shall flow, your Genius shine,
Nor with less Praise the Conversation guide,
Than in the publick Councils you decide:
Or when the *Dean*, long privilegd to rail,
Asserts his Friend with more impetuous Zeal;
You hear, (whilst I sit abashed and mute)
With soft Concessions shortning the Dispute;
Then close with kind Enquires of my State,
' How are your Tythes, and have they rose of late?
' Why *Christ-Church* is a pretty Situation,
' There are not many better in the Nation!

' This

JOHN Lord CARTERET, &c.

83

‘ This, with your other *Things*, must yield you clear
‘ Some six——at least five hundred Pounds a Year.

Suppose at such a Time, I took the Freedom,
To speak these Truths, as plainly as you read ‘em,
(You shall rejoin, my Lord, when I’ve replied,
And, if you please, my Lady shall decide.)

My Lord, I’m satisfied you meant me well.
And that I’m thankful, all the World can tell,
But you’ll forgive me, if I own th’ Event
Is short, is very short of your Intent;
At least I feel some Ills, unfelt before,
My Income less and my Expences more.

How Doctor! double Vicar! double Rector!

A Dignity! with a City Lectur——

What Glebs——what Dues——what Tythes——
what Fines——what Rent!

Why Doctor——will you never be content?

Would my good Lord but cast up the Account,
And see to what my Revenues amount,
My Titles ample! but my Gains so small,
That one good Vicarage is worth ‘em all——
And very wretched, sure, is he, that’s double,
In nothing, but his Titles, and his Trouble.

Add to this crying Grievance if you please,
My Horses founder’d on *Fermanagh* Ways;
Ways of well-polish’d, and well-pointed Stone;
Where every Step endangers every Bone;
And more to raise your Pity, and your Wonder,
Two Churches——twelve *Hibernian* Miles afunder!
With complicated Cures, I labour hard in
Besides whole Summers absent from my Garden!
But that the World would think I play’d the Fool,
I’d Change with *Charly Gratian* for his School——
What fine Cascades, what Vistas might I make,
Fixt in Center of th’ *Iernian* Lake!
There might I sail delighted, smooth, and safe,
Beneath the Conduct of my good * Sir RALPH:

* Sir Ralph Gore, who has a Villa in the Lake of Erin.

An E P I S T L E to his Excellency

There's not a better Steerer in the Realm;
 I hope, my Lord, you'll call him to the Helm—
 Doctor—a glorious Scheme to ease your Grief!
 When Cures are cross, a School's a sure Relief.
 You cannot fail of being happy there,
 The Lake will be the *Lethe* of your Care:
 The Scheme is for your Honour and your Ease!
 And Doctor, I'll promote it when you please.
 Mean while, allowing Things—below your Merit,
 Yet Doctor, you've a philosophick Spirit;
 Your Wants are few, and, like your Income, small,
 And you've enough to gratify 'em all:
 You've Trees, and Fruits, and Roots enough in store,
 And what would a Philosopher have more?
 You cannot wish for Coaches, Kitchens, Cooks—
 —My Lord, I've not enough to buy me Books—
 Or pray, suppose my Wants were all supplied,
 Are there no Wants I should regard beside?
 Whose Breast is so unman'd, as not to grieve,
 Compass'd with Miseries he can't relieve?
 Who can be happy—who would wish to live,
 And want the Godlike Happiness to give?
 (That I'm a Judge of this you must allow.
 I had it once—and I'm debar'd it now)
 Ask your own Heart, my Lord, if this be true—
 Then how unblest am I! how blest are you!
 'Tis true—but, Doctor, let us weave all that—
 Say, if you had your Wish what you'd be at:
 Excuse me, good my Lord—I won't be founded,
 Nor shall your Favour by my Wants be bounded.
 My Lord, I challenge nothing as my Due,
 Nor is it fit I should prescribe to You.
 Yet this might * *Symmachus* himself avow,
 (Whose rigid Rules are antiquated now)
 • My Lord, I'd wish—to to pay the Debts I owe,—
 • I'd wish besides—to build, and to bestow,

* *Symmachus* Bishop of Rome A. D. 499 made a Decree
 that no Man should solicit for Ecclesiastical Preferment
 before the Death of the Incumbent.

